

WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XIII—NO. 14.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1801.

WHOLE NO. 638.

STORY OF URBAIN GRANDIER.

[CONCLUDED.]

WHILE things were in this train, an event as expected as it was decisive, drove the current adversity with such fatal violence against the happy Grandier, that neither patronage, talents, nor the justice of his cause, could avail to protect him. It happened that just about this time there went an order from the Council to disband all the fortresses throughout the interior of the kingdom, and M. de Laubardemont was commissioned to destroy that of Loudun. This man was entirely devoted to Cardinal Richelieu, ordinary instrument of his oppressions, and, in any subject was to be sacrificed without the malice of justice, the most dexterous agent those sanguinary occasions. An old connexion had subsisted between him and the persecutors of Grandier; and no sooner did he make his appearance at Loudun, but the Cabal recovered his spirits, and rallied round him with an exultation which they took but little pains to conceal.

Some time before these events a woman named Hamon, belonging to the town of Loudun, accidentally recommended herself to the notice of the Queen, in whose service she now was employed. As she had manifested abilities much above the common rate, and no despicable vein of wit and irony, a suspicion fell upon her, supported by other circumstances, of having written a sanguinary satire upon the cardinal, entitled *la belle Cordigniere*. In this piece were contained reflections the most galling upon his birth, his son, and his character, but more particularly a ludicrous account of his eminence's passion for a male cobbler. The ruling propensity of Richelieu's heart was that of revenge; and the smart which followed from this lampoon excited such a fury in this passion in his mind as the world saw only was not to be appeased without some vicissitudes.

As Grandier was well acquainted with La Hamon, who had been one of his parishioners, it occurred to the conspirators that they could not by contrivance more effectually promote their object, than by attributing to this unfortunate man a correspondence with the supposed author of the satire, and a particular concern in this perilous satire. Other schemes were also adopted for exasperating the cardinal against the unhappy ecclesiastic, and things were in this posture when M. de Laubardemont returned to Paris. He therefore made the report of the condition of the nuns, whom he represented to be really possessed with devils, after having given them, as he declared, a full and unprejudiced examination. It is true, that since the arrival of Laubardemont, a numerous reinforcement had been added to the ranks of the possessed, and the ladies had somewhat proved themselves in the parts they were to play.

The Cardinal trusted entirely to M. de Laubardemont the execution of his vengeance, who returned to Loudun with a full commission to bring Grandier to his trial, and to decide finally each article of the accusation. The first step of his minister was to order Grandier to prison,

without waiting for any information against him, who, though forewarned of this intention in time to make his escape, disdained to confess himself a culprit by flying the face of justice. He was seized the next morning before it was light, as he walked to his church to assist at matins, and was immediately conveyed to the castle at Angers, where he lay in a dungeon for three months. Here he composed a volume of prayers and meditations, which breathed nothing but piety, forgiveness, and resignation; a composition of great elegance both for diction and sentiment, and which looked very little like the production of a magician's brain. This work, which was exhibited on his trial, operated as little in his favor as the testimony of his confessors, who visited him in prison. His enemies were sworn to destroy him. Some feeble struggles were made for the poor ecclesiastic by his aged mother, who presented several appeals in vain. He was tried on the 19th of December 1633, on the grounds of the supposed possessions: and Grandier, though surrounded by bitter enemies, and with a miserable death staring him in the face, wore a countenance serene and unmoved, while the villainous artifices of this monstrous conspiracy were played off before him.

The bishop of Poitiers deputed as principal exorcist Demorans, one of the most declared of Grandier's enemies; and from this moment all the world saw clearly that the ruin of the man was a thing resolved upon. He was now thrown into a prison at Loudun, with only such necessities as nature demanded. From this mansion of misery he wrote a christian-like letter to his mother, betraying no symptoms of mental perturbation or sorrow, requesting her to send him a bed and a bible, and to be comforted. No one was permitted to have the smallest concern with the prisoner but either his bitter enemies, or their immediate dependents; and the surgeons and apothecaries whose reports were to certify the state of the convent, were all chosen from among the most ignorant and prejudiced of the profession.

It was in vain that Daniel Roger, the physician of the town, and a man of considerable merit, endeavoured to resist such a confederacy of ignorance; it was in vain that the devoted Grandier exclaimed against such an open injustice. M. de Laubardemont had now thrown off all regard to appearances, and hardly affected a colour of equity in any of his proceedings.

Two fresh exorcists were now appointed by the bishop of Poitiers, one of whom was afterwards among the judges of Grandier; the other was Father Laflance, a bigot of the first order, and one who had adopted in all its virulence the hate of the cruel fraternity. The exorcisms were now recommenced with all their fury; and the cabal, covered with a protection which set them above fear, gave vent to their malice in such shocking absurdities as staggered the credulity of the blindest of their votaries. The Superior had affirmed, that on the body of Grandier there were five marks of the devil, and that in these places he had no sensibility to pain. He was accordingly visited in the prison by the surgeon and a great number of curious people. Mamouri, which was

the surgeon's name, brought with him a probe to put the assertion of the Superior to the proof. This probe, however, had a blunt and a sharp end, so that he could make him appear alive or dead to pain, as it suited his purpose. At the end of the operation, however, the body of Grandier, which was stripped for the purpose, was covered with blood. A variety of experiments of this nature was tried upon the unhappy ecclesiastic, whose courage increased with their cruelty, and whose erect composure under his suffering drew tears of pity from all but his priestly brethren; by the sovereign authority with which the commissary was invested, imposed awe upon the people, and a dreadful silence sealed up their lips.

The judges were now appointed for the trial of Grandier, the issue of which was easily foreseen, when it was observed that the choice fell entirely upon his avowed and inveterate enemies. Such an outrage against all the principles of justice drew together the sound part of the inhabitants of the town, at the ringing of the bell they assembled in the town-house, and there composed a letter to the King, in which the proceedings of the cabal were spiritedly and justly exposed. This measure, however, proved entirely ineffectual, and contributed only to exasperate the commissary who, with the other commissioned judges, annulled the act of the assembly, and forbade any person in future to deliberate on matters which came within the power of the commission.

Grandier began now to consider his condemnation as the certain consequence of these outrageous proceedings; he neglected, however, no arguments which might tend to open men's eyes to the unexampled perversion of justice, and violation of human rights, by which his ruin was to be accomplished.

About this time an occurrence took place which affected all minds with the deepest horror:—As M. de Laubardemont was entering the convent he was surprised with the figure of a woman in the outer court, with only a linen covering on her body, and her head naked; a torch was in her hand, a cord about her neck, and her eyes were swelled with weeping. On approaching, it was found to be the superior of the convent, the chief actress in these infernal scenes. As soon as she perceived the commissary she threw herself on her knees, and declared herself the wickedest of God's creatures for her conduct in this iniquitous affair. Immediately after this confession, she attached the cord to a tree in the garden, and would have strangled herself outright, had it not been for the intercession of some nuns who were near. Not even this spectacle could touch the heart of Laubardemont: these recantations were represented as fresh proofs of the friendship that subsisted between Grandier and the demons, who made use of these expedients to save him. To the prejudiced every thing serves as a proof; it feeds upon that which should naturally destroy it. At length on the 18th of August 1634, after a multitude of depositions the most absurd that ever entered into the human heart to invent, Urbain Grandier was condemned to be tortured and burned alive, before the porch of his own church of Sainte Croix.

Grandier heard the sentence of his judges without undergoing the smallest change of countenance, or betraying the slightest symptom of mental trepidation. Erect and dauntless, his eyes cast upwards to heaven, he walked by the side of the executioner to the prison assigned him.

He was now put to the question, ordinary and extraordinary. His legs were placed between two pieces of wood, round which several strong cords were tied together with the extremest force; between the legs and the boards, wedges were beat in with a mallet, four for the question ordinary, and eight for the extraordinary. During this process the priests exorcised the boards, the wedges, and the mallet. Many of them, indeed, afflicted at the tortoise, and took the mallet out of the executioner's hand. Grandier uttered neither groans nor complaints, but regarded this horrible testimony of their hate with sovereign serenity, while the marrow of his bones was seen to drop on the pavement. After this terrible scene, he was stretched before the fire, and recovered from frequent faintings by some strong liquor, which was poured into his mouth. Here he named two confessors, to whom he wished to consecrate his last moments, but they were refused.

In his way to the place of execution, he cast a look of pity and complacency on those that accompanied him; and often kissed a lighted torch which he held in his hand. A placid joy overspread his countenance, which never forsook him from that moment till the flames devoured him. The executioner would fain have strangled him before he had set fire to the pile; but the exorcists had done all in their power to prevent this miserable charity, by filling the cord so full of knots that it could not be effected. At this moment, Father Lactance seized a torch, and thrusting it into Grandier's face, "Wretch," cried he, "renounce the devil; you have but a moment longer----confess!" Without waiting for the order, this implacable friar applied his torch to the pile, and publicly performed the office of executioner. Thus miserably perished the body of Urbain Grandier, sacrificed to the most diabolical hate that ever possessed human bosoms, and condemned by the most iniquitous tribunal that ever mocked with a shew of justice."

STRANGE EFFECT OF JEALOUSY.

Justina was the fairest and most beautiful lady of her time that was to be found in the whole city of Rome: she was married to a rich man, but hairbrained and furious; and he suspected her to have small care of her honour, upon no other ground than that he beheld her so excellent, and so perfectly beautiful. One day, as she stooped down to pull off her shoe, the cruel wretch, seized with a furious fit of jealousy, and discovering her wonderful white neck all open, suddenly drew his sword, and at one blow severed it from her shoulders.

THE WORD "SACK"

REMAINS in all languages, nearly the same, and carries with it the same meaning, for which the following whimsical reason is given by Emanuel, a Jewish poet, who lived at Rome near 700 years ago.

"The workmen employed in building the tower of Babel, (says he,) had, like our moderns, each a sack, to put their little matters in: on the confusion of tongues, every one was for making off; and nothing was heard but 'sack! sack! sack!'

CUSTOMS.

IN the Phillipine Isles a certain proportion of the dower is paid to the intended wife, after liberty of conversing with her; a farther share for the permission to eat with her, and the remainder upon consummation.

IN Turkey, bakers convicted of selling bread under weight, are hung up at their own door; and a traveller in that country mentions that notwithstanding executions for this offence are so frequent that a person can hardly walk along the streets without rubbing against the bodies, yet even these rigorous punishments do not put a stop to this nefarious practice.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

IN 1484 the Eastern empire was divided between two patriarchs; the emperor gave orders that each party should present before God, in the church of St. Sophia at Constantinople, a memorial containing his reasons, and that both these memorials should be thrown into a consecrated pan of coals, in order that the will of heaven might be known: the Almighty however declared himself no otherwise than by suffering both the papers to be consumed to ashes, and left the Greeks to their ecclesiastical disputes.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ELEGY.

To the memory of

Mrs. MARGARETTA V. FAUGERES.

DARK vapors sweep along the wintry sky,
And drooping nature wears a funeral gloom,
While the sad spirit, with foreboding sigh,
Tuts to the dreary confines of the tomb.
And pensive o'er thy pallid form I bend,
Whose woes could find from Death alone release.
Peace to thy slumber, poor departed Friend!
For seldom have thy flumbers known of peace.

The sufferings of that harras'd form are o'er,
Serene it presses the untimely bier;
Those long dark lashes clos'd, to rise no more,
That oft conceal'd the ill-repressed tear.

Blest as thou art at last with calm repose,
Cold and infesten must that bosom be,
O victim sad of long-continued woes!
That would not breathe one heart-felt sigh for thee.

Fair rose the dawn of thy unhappy day,
Thy sun of pleasure shone serenely bright;
And partial fancy lent a dazzling ray
To deck thy prospects in resplendent light.

Fortune and beauty's gifts alike combin'd
To shed their radiance on life's early stage,
While genius' stores inform'd thy glowing mind,
Parental fondness watch'd thy tender age.

But, ah! too soon the dark'ning prospect lours;
A mournful mother, wand'ring thro' the wild,
Implores for thee the sacred guardian powers,
And sinks desponding o'er her buried child.

Inspir'd by specious semblance, shew of truth,
An ill-starr'd passion took its baneful sway,
Marr'd the fair prospects of thy blooming youth,
And quench'd the promis'd lustre of thy day.

Then, hapless orphan! 'twas thy lot to roam,
While none thy inexperienc'd steps direct,
Through life's drear scenes, without a tranquil home,
The child of penury and cold neglect.

But oft strong genius burst upon the gloom
That wrapp'd thy dark uncomfortable road;
Till pitying fate, etc life's meridian bloom,
Consign'd thee to the mercies of thy God.

Yet shall thy lot soft sympathy inspire,
To mourn thy sufferings, and record thy praise;
And all the tuneful votaries of the lyre
Shall love thy memory, and admire thy lays.

And oft, when vernal suns illumine the skies,
Some pilgrim's garland shall adorn thy hearse
With flow'rets transient as thine early joys,
And laurel lasting as thy flowing verse.

And when the winter's storms thy Hudson swell,
And bid the period of thy fate return,
The stream, whose charms thy verse describes so well,
Shall lash his bounds, and as he passes mourn.

And thou, O Moon! when storms and vapors shroud
Thy rapid course amid the cheerless skies,
Still shoot a ray through the involving cloud,
To gild the lowly spot where MARGARET lies.

MATILDA.

SONNET.

ADOWN the melancholy stream of life

Who joys the vessel of his Years to guide?
Nor fears the roarings of th' uncertain tide,
The inclement Winter, or the Ocean's strife?

And who, regardful of his certain end,
Can bear the incessant struggles of his Youth;
Force thro' enticement to an age of truth;
And welcome death as freely as his friend?

Who, that when poverty's torpedo hand
Has chill'd even Charity's soft-answering soul;
When green-eyed Malice hunts him thro' the land,
Can smile serene, superior to the whole?
He, who the paths of Rectitude has trod---
His friends---his life, his conscience, and his God.

ELLA.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

EMMA.

In imitation of the "CALEDONIAN MAID."

O Say! have you my EMMA seen?

The fairest of the fair!

Nor Diana chaste, nor Beauty's Queen,

Can, with my love compare.

The beauteous Maid, unskill'd in art,

Or flattery's specious wiles,

In softest fetters binds the heart,

So heavenly the smiles!

The varied sweets that Flora yields,

I'll cult with nicest care;

And flowers that deck the verdant fields,

To grace my lovely fair!

For kind and gentle is the Maid,

And at each tale of woe,

The rose upon her cheek will fade,

And tears unbidden flow.

And would she seek a FRIEND sincere?

To me direct the choice,

Each pensive listless hour to cheer

With Friendship's grateful voice.

Should Care that canker of the heart,

Assail my EMMA's peace;

Be mine the sadly pleasing art,

To bid her sorrows cease!

CORYDON

THE HONEST OSTIACK.

A Russian, after having passed the night in the tent of the Ostiack, lost next morning about a league from thence a purse containing more than a hundred rubles. The master of the Ostiack, going some days afterwards to the place, found the purse, examined it, but did not bring it with him. On coming home he told his father what he had seen; his father sent him immediately to the place and desired him to cover it with some branches of trees in order to hide it from the view of others. More than two months afterwards, the Russian returned from his journey and coming to lodge with the same Ostiack, told him of the loss of his purse. Set yourself at ease on that bed, said the Ostiack; I will send my son to shew you a place where it is; you have only to go and take it. In effect, the Russian found it in the same place where it had dropped, precisely in the state he had left it.

EXTRAORDINARY PILGRIMAGE.

PILGRIMAGES were the devotion of the sixteenth century. A Queen of France, it is supposed Catherine de Medicis, made a vow, that, if some concerns, which she had undertaken, terminated successfully, she would send a pilgrim to Jerusalem, who should walk there, and every three steps he advanced, he should go one back at every third step. It was doubtful whether there could be found a man sufficiently strong to go on foot, and of sufficient patience to go back one step at every third. A citizen of Verberie, however, offered himself, and promised to accomplish the queen's vow most scrupulously. The queen accepted his offer, and promised him an adequate recompence. He fulfilled his engagement (as we are informed) with the greatest exactness, of which his pious employer was well assured by constant enquiries!

HISTORICAL SELECTIONS.

CYRUS making war against the Massagetae, a people of Scythia, it is said by some, he was defeated and slain; and that Tomyris their queen caused his head to be cut off, and put into a vessel full of human blood, saying, "Satiate thyself with blood now, of which before thou wast unsatiable."

CRASSUS, the Roman general being chosen to march against the Parthians; and marching directly to Surena, the Persian commander was treacherously slain: this he was carried to the emperor Orodes, who caused melt gold to be poured into his mouth, saying, "Now satiate thyself with gold, of which thou hast always been so fatigued."

ANECDOTE.

IT is related of the Princess Amelia, that being at cards one day with some young noblemen, when the antagonist had not scored one, she said in the technical phrase of whist, "We are five, love," to which he immediately replied, "Yes my dear,"----This repartee so affronted her Royal Highness, that she instantly threw up her cards.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1801.

SUMMARY OF FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

On Saturday evening arrived at this port the British Pack-Duke of Clarence, in 35 days from Falmouth with London papers to the 2d December.

These papers afford intelligence of the first political importance. As one bold effort towards a maritime confederacy of the powers of the North, for the purpose of resisting the principal of what has been usually denominated the "right of search," Paul I. of Russia has laid a general embargo on all British vessels in his dominions, and in some instances has imprisoned the captains of such vessels, without assigning a motive for his conduct; and the government of Great-Britain has given the necessary orders for making vigorous reprisals.

The King of Prussia manifests his disposition to coalesce with Paul, on the grand object for which the latter is contending, and has seized upon Cruxhaven (a small seaport at the mouth of the Elbe) with a view, it is thought, of facilitating his designs upon Hamburg, and of annexing those two places to his own dominions---thereby acquiring for himself some consequence in the maritime balance of power.

It is conjectured, too, that the Emperor of Russia is not without views of territorial aggrandizement at the expense of Turkey. The throne of Sultan Selim trembles to its foundation. The French are established in Egypt; the army of the rebellious Pashaw Oglou is in mighty force; the Emperor Paul has made a specious requisition for indemnities, as a cover for some premeditated design; and either of these powers, or perhaps the whole conjointly, may make a convulsion that shall completely revolutionize the Ottoman Empire.

From Buonaparte's address to the French Nation may be gathered the sentiments of the Government on the Convention lately concluded with the United States. From this paper it appears, also, that in consequence of some misunderstandings at the Congress of Lunéville, serious apprehensions are entertained that the negotiations will be broken off, and that hostilities will speedily recommence between France and Austria. Indeed, it was rumoured that the English Government were in possession of the fact of hostilities having actually taken place; but this remained unconfirmed on the 2d December. To provide against such an emergency, which both parties expected would unavoidably happen, Buonaparte held himself in readiness to take the field, part of his baggage having been sent on to army from Paris; and, on the other hand, Austria was using all her energies to give him a suitable reception. Whilst momentous concerns are agitating the European continent, Great-Britain (in addition to her usual routine of strife) is engaged in making preparations for resisting the northern Confederacy; in fitting out another expedition to Holland in favor of the Stadholder; and in providing a remedy for the general scarcity which prevails throughout the kingdom.

[Mercantile Adv.

COMMUNICATIONS.

It is now about three years since the intrinsic worth of Kotzebue's Stranger introduced into England an enthusiastic admiration of that author, and turned the attention of the country to the German Drama, which though known, and in use of, by the English writers of plays, was unknown to the public. On examination, and comparison with the living Dramatists of England, this admiration increased, and the press groaned with translations; many of which have no claim to any one language. The best English Dramatists now living, were employed by the Managers of the London Theatres to alter the translations which they procured, and to use their own, "fit them for the English Stage;" these three play-wrights were ignorant of the German language, and of the English Stage, until this time. The success of these pieces was well known.

After the first impulse of generous admiration had ceased, and the tribute of nature and the heart had been paid to German excellence, national pride and jealousy awoke; the people of England began to suppose that by acknowledging German merit, English excellence was unjustly injured. The secondary class of English Dramatists, actuated by poverty and envy, raised a cry against every German; every defect was sedulously collected and magnified; the political terror excited about this time was fully fanned as a means of destroying the popularity of the German authors, and Kotzebue was discovered to be an

Illuminati, and Iffland a Jacobin; though the one has uniformly inculcated the reliance on God and future existence as the only support of man, and the other is a professed writer on the part of Royalty, and the immediate servant of the King of Prussia: the plot took effect---it became the fashion to decry German literature, and especially German Plays; and who could not talk of their absurdity, irreligion and immorality? All German plays were now discovered to be execrable, though only Kotzebue's could be said to be known, while Iffland, Krieger, Shreder, and the host of others were scarcely heard of.

This fashion, as well as all other English fashions has crossed the Atlantic, and is adopted by the apes of every prevailing mode: but as we have no national propensity which should make us jealous of German excellence, any more than of English, Spanish, Dutch or French, as we have no dramatists dependent upon the pen for their bread, who would be instigated to decry that which they cannot rival; we presume that the merit of the German Plays will be acknowledged in this country as unrivalled by any productions of the same nature which the present time affords; and we therefore hope that the Manager of the New-York Theatre will continue to select from the various Theatres of Europe whose language he is master of, such pieces as his taste and judgment shall point out, whether English or French, German, Spanish or Italian; and we trust his countrymen will honor the liberality of his views; and reward his assiduity and labor.

MORTALITY.

Where weeping yews and nodding cypresses wave,
In awful gloom, around the mossy grave,
Let nymphs and shepherds, yearly tribute bring,
And strew the earliest violets of the spring.
Let fairy footsteps trace the midnight sound,
And guard from ev'ry ill the hallow'd ground
There drooping love and friendship oft appear,
And virtue greets thy ashes with a tear.

DIED.

On Friday the 9th inst. in her 29th year, Mrs. MARGARETTE V. FAUGERES; and on Saturday her remains were interred in the burying ground of the Bowery Methodist Church, beside the grave of her father, the late JOHN BLECKER.---Nurtured beneath the smiles of fortune, and possessed of every accomplishment necessary to add lustre to the station allotted to human beings, Mrs. FAUGERES furnishes a striking example of the vicissitudes of life. With a mind embellished by nature with superior endowments, and an understanding enriched with the refinements of literature, she exhibited a genius equal in fertility, correctness and energy, to the most distinguished literary characters in modern times.---The effusions of her pen have often been the theme of admiration, and from persons capable of discriminating have attracted well-merited applause. Yet, notwithstanding the splendor of her talents shone forth with such resplendent lustre; notwithstanding she was born to the inheritance of a decent competency, sufficient to elevate her above mediocrity, she was doomed the daughter of misfortune, and consigned to a long acquaintance with distress. She early placed her affections, and (her only fault) yielded her hand to the beloved author of her woes---conscious of having offended, by this rash procedure, she became a willing exile from her father's house. Although removed from the guardian eye of paternal tenderness, the arm of affectionate solicitude was extended to shield her from calamity, and avert the piercing blast of adversity. Disappointment thenceforward imbibited the portion of her existence; yet under every trial she preserved a demeanor marked with composed serenity.---The rancorous breath of envy, at times, strove to depreciate her worth, and blast her unspotted reputation; but innocence and native dignity supported her from sinking under such unmerited aspersions. From participating largely in the felicities of life, she was, by the partial hand of fate, compelled to struggle long with accumulated sorrows.

In her last illness she manifested an entire resignation to the Divine will, and supported herself with becoming calmness and fortitude. With serenity she bailed the closing scene; and, animated by the consoling truths of religion, composedly yielded her spirit into the arms of its Omnipotent Author.

LOTTERY.

TICKETS SOLD, REGISTERED and EXAMINED
at No. 3 Peck-Slip.

COURT of HYMEN.

'TILL HYMEN brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bow'ls!
In vain the viewless seraph, sing'ring there,
At starry midnight, charm'd the silent air;
In vain the wild bird carol'd on the steep,
To hail the sun, now wheeling from the deep;
In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,
Aerial notes in mingling measure play'd....

MARRIED

A few days since, at New-Brunswick, (N. J.) Mr. WILLIAM JONES, formerly of this city, to Miss MARY ANN EASTBURN, second daughter of Mr. Robert Eastburn, merchant of that city.

On Thursday evening, the 1st inst. at Suffield, Connecticut, by the Rev. Ebenezer Gray, Mr. THADDEUS LEAVITT jun. merchant, to Miss JEMIMA LOMIS, both of that place.

On Saturday evening, 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. PETER L. VANDERVOORT, merchant, to Miss MARY ANN BRUCK, both of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Mason, Mr. L. B. RAYNER, to Miss ALETTA SERGEANT, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Abel, Captain JACOB PACKWOOD, of the island of Bermuda, to Miss SARAH HOOK, eldest daughter of Capt. Thomas Hook of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, GEORGE CLINTON, jun. Esq. to Miss HANNAH FRANKLIN, youngest daughter of the late Walter Franklin.

WE thank MATILDA for her ELEGY, though we regret that circumstances rendered its publication necessary at an earlier period. "PHILO," "POLYGYNIA," and several other favors from correspondents shall be attended to in due order.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening, will be presented the Tragedy of DOUGLAS,
To which will be added, a Comedy, (never performed here,) called,
THE LIE OF A DAY.

Written by the well-known JOHN O'KEEFE.

FOR THE USE OF THE FAIR SEX, The Genuine French Almond Paste,

Superior to any thing in the world for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chopped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy---this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. Dubois, Perfumer, No 81 William-street New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as Pomatums of all sorts, common and scented Hair Powders, a variety of the best Soaps and Wash Balls, Essences and Scented Waters, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Tooth Powder, Rose Lip Salve, Almond Powder, Four Thieves Vinegar, Peruvian Tooth-ach Powder, elegant Fancy Combs for ladies head dresses, Oils of Jessamin and Violets warranted to make hair grow and prevent its falling, Perfume Cabinets, Razors, and Razor Strips of the best kind, handsome Dressing Cases for ladies and gentlemen complete, Tortoise Shell and Ivory Combs, Swansdown and Silk Puffs, Pinching and Curling Irons, &c. &c.

January 17.

38 3m.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

No 114 MAIDEN-LANE

The subscribers and others, are respectfully informed, that by the last arrival, an assortment of the latest publications has been received and added to the library, for the benefit of the readers---and among others.

Select Eulogies of Members of the French Academies, with Notes, by the late M. D'Alembert, translated by J. Allen. M. D. containing among other Eulogies, that of Massignon, Abbe de St. Pierre, Bossuet, Boileau, Flechier, Fleury, La Motte, &c. &c.

To accomodate the readers, some more copies of Mordaunt, and Andrew Stuart, are also received.

W. BARLAS

Jan. 17

COURT of APOLLO.

SADI THE MOOR.

THE trees seem'd to fade, as the dear spot I'm viewing,
My eyes fill with tears as I look at the door;
And see the lov'd Cottage all sinking in ruin,
The Cottage of Peace and Sadi the Moor,
Poor Sadi was merciful, honest and cheerful,
His friends were his life, for he valued them dearly,
And his sweet dark-ey'd Zelma he lov'd her sincerely,
Hard was the fate of poor Sadi the Moor.

As Sadi was toiling his Zelma was near him,
His children were smiling and prattling before,
When the pirates appear, from his true-love they tear him,
And drag to the vessel poor Sadi the Moor.
The forlorn one rav'd loudly, her lost husband seeking,
His children, and friends, at a distance, were shrieking,
Poor Sadi cried out, while his sad heart was breaking,
Pity the sorrows of Sadi the Moor.

In spite of his plaint, to the Galley they bore him,
His Zelma and children, to mourn and deplore,
At morn from his feverish flumbers they tore him,
And with blows hardly treated poor Sadi the Moor.
At night up aloft while the still Moon was clouding,
The thought of his babes on his wretched mind crowding,
He heav'd a last sigh, and fell dead from the throbbing,
The sea was the grave of poor Sadi the Moor.

SONG.

SWAINS, I hate the boistrous fair,
Who bold assume a manly air;
Soft, unaffected, gentle be,
Still the girl that's made for me.

Let her not boast, like man, to dare,
The dangers of the sylvan war:
With gentle sports delighted be,
The girl that Fate ordains for me.

Nor pert coquette, nor formal prude,
Gay let her be, but never rude,
From airs, from flight, from vapours free;
She is the girl that's made for me.

Her well chose dress in every part,
Be artful without showing art;
From all fantastic fashions free,
She is the girl that's made for me.

Loose flow her locks, without constraint,
Her healthy cheeks let nature paint.
In all a goddess seem to be,
But prove a woman still to me.

A GOOD WIFE.

A GOOD WIFE should be like three things: which three things she should not be like.
1st. She should be like a snail, always keep within her own house; but she should not be like a snail, to carry all the has upon her back!
2d. She should be like an echo, to speak when she is spoken to; but she should not be like an echo, always to have the last word!
3d. She should be like a town clock, always keep time and regularity---but she should not be like a town clock, to speak so loud that all the town may hear her!

ANECDOTE.

A soldier stood upon the stage at the play of Don Carlos Prince of Spain, which affected him so much, that he burst into a violent passion of tears; and the duke of York, (afterwards King James the Second) who happened to be at the Theatre, was so pleased with the fellow's sensibility that he sent him five guineas: the next night the Duke was at the play again, which was the comedy of Rule a Wife and have a Wife; when the curtain upon the stage, who had heard how liberally his comrade's weeping had been rewarded, began to blubber and cry in a most lamentable manner: and he met with his reward also; for the Duke ordered him to be whip'd for misbehavior on duty,

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MORALIST.

SENTIMENTS.

SENSIBILITY, altho' the source of our most exquisite enjoyments, yet by exposing us to danger from every quarter, and rendering us vulnerable on every side, too often occasions our most lasting inquietudes,

The opulent and the gay hear the cries of misery around them with the same indifference that one hears the tempest grumble when sheltered from its fury.

He who laughs at the caution he needs, and ridicules the person who gives it, pays his own understanding a miserable compliment.

That complacency and joy which we experience after having done a good and generous action, must convince us that a perpetual source of pleasure, a satisfaction inexplicably delightful, will be found in a constant and regular practice of benevolence.

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WHEREAS James Leggett, formerly of the county Dutches, late of the city and county of New-York, deceased, did, while living, by his last will and testament, appoint Martha Worden, Executrix, to settle the estate of said James Leggett, now deceased; and the said Martha Worden being duly authorized, does hereby request persons who have any demands against said estate, to exhibit them for settlement, at No. 112 Washington-street, and on the other hand, all those who are any ways indebted to said estate, are hereby called upon to make immediate payment. MARTHA WORDEN, Executrix. New-York, Nov. 29, 1800. 31---

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A STRAY HEIFER.

Came into the enclosure of the Subscriber, at Haerlem, about two years old, black, with some white in forehead, has no mark.---Whoever owns said Heifer is requested to take her away, and pay necessary charges. She will be sold as the law directs.

PETER BENSON

Haerlem Dec. 30th, 1800.

WANTED,

An Apprentice to the Upholsterer's Business---at this office. Nov. 29.

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